

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I, fuge, sed poteris tutior esse domi. Martial.



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POEMS

ON

THE

by the

of the

1793

3

LONDON

Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Royal, and sold by the Booksellers in the Strand, and by the Author, at his house, in the Strand.



TO

Mr. *Nehemiah Lambert.*

S I R,

3



No sooner had
resolv'd to pub-
lish the following
POEMS, than I was
determined to
whom I should present them :
The many Obligations which

A 2

I lye

DEDICATION.

I lye under to your self, and the native Candour with which you were always wont to receive any thing of mine, forestalled my Choice, and left me no Room to think of another PATRON.

It is the chief Privilege of POETRY, that it entitles us to the Favour of all that is great and generous; and I account it my particular Advantage, that having so little Merit in my self, I am honoured with the good Esteem of ONE, who has all the Perfections of the Gentleman, without any of the Failings.

I could,

DEDICATION.

I could, with the greatest Pleasure, dwell upon this Theme, but that I know I should offend HIM, who never is offended, but when he hears his own Praises: Besides this, ALL who have ever known you, are so well acquainted with your Character, that, to enter upon it, would be a Task superfluous.

What I now put into your Hands, is the Fruit of some leisure Hours, and I shall think my self very well rewarded, if by these Sheets, I can any way divert YOU, and
give

DEDICATION.

give Assurance to the WORLD,
that I am, with the deepest
Veneration,

S I R,

Your Most Obedient,

Most Obligated, and

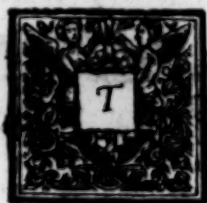
Most Devoted Servant,

P. STAFFORD.

THE



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P O E M S



POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

*To the Sacred Memory of QUEEN ANNE,
translated from the Latin of Dr. SMAL-
RIDGE.*

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?—*



WHEN for *Eliza* dead, our Tears
did flow,

And good *Maria* claim'd an equal
Woe;

Both for their vertuous Deeds,
and easy Sway,

Shar'd all the Tribute which the Muse could pay;

Rais'd on her pious Pinions, both did fly,

And by the Bard attended, gain'd the Sky.

B

But

But what bold Pen shall *Anna's* Worth proclaim,
 And swiftly follow to the Stars her Name?
 O'er Fields of *Aether* beat its painful Way,
 And trace her Glories thro' the Realms of Day?
 What Hand, in Painting skill'd, shall draw to Sight,
 The Female Conduct, and the dreadful Fight?
 Draw furious Battles, which so late begun,
 And Trophies by a Woman-Warrior won?
 Who with loud Trumpet shall the Fame diffuse,
 Of Worlds in Friendship bound, immortal News!
 Of PEACE, which merits an immortal Muse.

* O thou, whose various Songs were wont to grace
 The regal Urn, thy self of regal Race;
 Do thou, with lofty Notes thy Sons inspire,
 And lend them *Virgil's* Trump, and *Flaccus's* Lyre;
 So may thy Structures still exalted be,
 And *Athens*, long extinct, revive in Thee.

And

And you, lamented Queen, who largely shed,
The tend'rest Bounties on my Fav'rite Head;
Accept these Numbers, nor my Grief refuse,
The last sad Tribute of a mourning Muse.
While Life's dear Blessing, Royal Dame, was thine,
What Gifts could Goodness give that were not mine!
These Thanks I pay, with Sorrow, to thy Urn,
Alas! with what Regret is this Return!

O lowly Grandeur! sweet, majestick Mien!
O Heav'n-born Graces which adorn'd my QUEEN!
My Eyes for ever shall your Beauties trace,
No Cares shall lose you, and no Time efface:
But most, the Piety that warm'd thy Breast,
Thy Truth in ornamental Plainness drest,
Thy Fervor to the legal Church confin'd,
Command my Passions, and enflame my Mind.
Oft as the Poor's Petitions I preferr'd,
With what a willing Ear your Pity heard?

4 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

My fond Remembrance does the Scene renew,
And paints the charming Image to my View.
You scatter'd Plenty round where Want did crave;
And more than I could beg your Bounty gave;
No longer Envy's self could Envy be,
But copy'd Goodness in observing Thee.

O Fate relentless! had it slack'd its Hand,
And in thy royal Life preserv'd thy Land,
What mighty Favours had the Muses known!
For what you promis'd, I with Pride may own.
What shining Structures had advanc'd on high?
What Tow'rs, dread Parent! had oppos'd the Sky?
Surpris'd thy future Sons, and charm'd the distant
 Eye;
How much † *Peck-Water* Court had pleas'd the Sight,
And rose from Ruines like the *Phenix* bright?
Th' unfinish'd Work, with Grief, Spectators see,
And while they mourn the Publick, mourn for Thee.

On

† The new Quadrangle in Christ-Church, Oxon.

On a Gentleman's Coat of Arms engrav'd upon
his Snuff-Box.

WELL has the 'Graver, finish'd in his Art,
Impress'd the Honours which your Arms
impart :

But this, tho' well perform'd, has only shown,
Your Father's Glory pictur'd, not your own.
O could some Hand for wond'rous Deeds design'd,
Engrave the Virtues of your Godlike Mind !
Upon this polish'd Silver could we see,
Thy Father's long deceas'd, reviv'd in thee ;
Thy Name should Greater than the Greatest shine,
And mighty *Monarchs* draw their Arms from thine.

De Acone & Leonilla.

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
At potis est forma vincere uterque Deos.

Blande puer, lumen quod habes, concede Parenti,

Sic tu cecus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Thus

Thus Translated.

THAT Eye the Mother, this the Son has lost,
 Yet Charms so killing not the Gods can boast;
 Kind Youth, give her your Eye, then all shall see
 You the blind God of Love, the lovely Goddess she.

On a young LADY, written at her own Request.

I.

WHEN *Elismonda* shews her Face,
 The killing Air, the melting Grace,
 A Thousand Lovers round her flie,
 A Thousand on her Beauties die.

II.

In her smooth Cheeks are gaily spread
 The Lily's White, the Rose's Red;
 But never Odours of the Spring,
 Such Incense as her Breath could bring.

III. What

III.

What Rapture does her Voice dispense !
 How soft the Sounds, how strong the Sense?
 The Sweetness reconciles the Smart,
 And while it conquers, mends the Heart.

IV.

When other Dangers bend the Bow,
 We fly the Field, or fight the Foe ;
 But here a diff'rent Turn is found,
 We court the Dart, and kiss the Wound.

EPILOGUE *Spoken by Mrs. — at her first
 Appearance on the Stage after the Death
 of her Husband.*

TO you, bright Judges, humbly I submit,
 To you the candid Audience of the Pit :
 If great Misfortunes long detain'd me hence,
 To rigid Fate's Decree impute th' Offence ;
 Excuse the Sorrows which my Duty shed,
 Excuse the Justice which is paid the Dead :

When-

8 POEMS on several Occasions.

Whene'er upon the Stage with curious Art,
Imaginary Fate has play'd its Part :

Whene'er upon the Stage the Scenes express
The Husband fallen, and the Wife's Distress,
You sadden at the Scene with gen'rous Woe,
The well-wrought Story makes your Tears to flow.

In ME, that Wife behold, that living Part,
That very Nature which affects the Heart,
To real Anguish let your Grief be due,
And what you pity'd feign'd, now pity true.

And you chaste Matrons there, whose joyful Arms,
Have long been happy with a Husband's Charms,
Fair as the Morning Beams that sweetly shine,
And fond as Ivies when their Oaks they join,
In Death's dark Cloysters should you lose your Store;
Should those dear Eyes be clos'd to wake no more ;
O think how real your Distress would be !
Think what your selves should feel, and pardon me.

O D E.

O D E.

WHEN first the busy Tatler Fame,
Of *Albion's* Daughters spread the Name,
And to the God of Love did say,
That *Venus* was less fair than they;
The God of Love with speedy Flight,
Descended from *Olympus'* Height,
He soon had *Albion's* Fields in view,
For soon the Gods can all Things do,
And bending to a Grove, his Way,
Alighted at the Noon of Day,
When *Phæbus* from his burning Seat,
Directly downwards shot the Heat.

Pleas'd with the Place, for Pleasure made,
He sought the Center of the Shade,
Where on a Couch with Verdure gay,
A lovely Virgin sleeping lay,
Th' unsully'd Flow'rs that round her twin'd,
Seem'd Emblems of her spotless Mind,

C

And

16 POEMS on several Occasions.

And near her Body fondly grew,
 As tho' their Odours thence they drew;
 The filken Tresses of her Hair
 Hung loose, and waving met the Air,
 Which gently did the Curls divide,
 And kiss'd her Neck with am'rous Pride.
 Her Eyebrows nicely did extend,
 And into two fair Arches bend,
 With such Exactness wore, as tho'
 They both were drawn from Cupid's Bow.
 Her moist red Lips, design'd for Bliss,
 Seem'd willing to receive a Kiss;
 Her Smiles, which Slumbers did impart,
 Declar'd the Calmness of her Heart,
 And her soft Breasts where Gods might dwell,
 Which gently rose, which gently fell,
 As Iv'ry white, as Chrystal clear,
 Shew'd no Disorder harbour'd there;
 The rest, her modest Robe conceal'd,
 Save what the busy Winds reveal'd.

Amaz'd the little Monarch stands,
 And drops his Arrows from his Hands;

His

POEMS *on several Occasions.*

II

His Eyes unusual Warmth betray'd,
And gaz'd incessant on the Maid ;
At length his Words a Passage found,
And thus the God confess'd the Wound.

What sudden Heat is this I feel?
Sure as my Darts, and sharp as Steel;
From her the fatal Lightning came,
And all my Sinews catch the Flame.
No more let *Venus* keep the Field,
Venus to Her the Prize must yield:
And Fame, too frugal of its Praise,
Has lessen'd what it us'd to raise.

No more let Lovers, when they smart,
Complain my Arrows pierc'd their Heart,
From her fair Bosom, safely laid,
I'll wound the World in Ambuscade,
And ev'ry love-sick Swain that dies,
Shall blame the Lightning of her Eyes.

He said, and leap'd into the Fair,
And fix'd his Habitation there;

12 POEMS on several Occasions.

In all her Words, her Looks, her Mien,

The God is to Perfection seen:

Cupid attends whene'er she's drest,

And *Cupid* heaves her snowy Breast,

Instructs her sparkling Eyes to kill,

And aims their Glances at his Will,

Directs her Tresses how to wave,

And wear in ev'ry Curl a Slave;

And when the Charmer smiling speaks,

Sits in the Dimples of her Cheeks;

With her, for ever he remains,

And tho' a Captive, hugs his Chains.

*To a young LADY, having accidentally seen
her in her Coach.*

Could I with Nature's Pencil paint
Thy matchless Beauties, lovely Saint,
Soon would the World my Rival be,
And *Beauty's* Picture take from me;
In these Embraces would you lie,
And on your Bosom let me die:

To me that Blifs would you resign,
Mankind might beg a Death like mine.

SONG *inscrib'd to Mr. JOSEPH ABEL.*

SEE *Joseph*, the Winter's diffus'd all around,
Unfolds her cold Mantle, and sits on the Ground,
Then as high as our Noses let us raise up the Fire,
And enjoy all the Pleasures which Drink can inspire:
Fill the Bowl with an Ocean of Wine that is mellow,
And let each drink a Flood at a time to his Fellow,
For there's nothing like Bumpers and Beauty divine,
To brighten the Thoughts, and the Blood to refine.
O *Joseph*! thy Goddess is charming and fair,
Her Wit so polite! and so tempting her Air!
Were I plac'd on her Breast, that warm Rising of Snow,
I'd leave the cold Weather to Mortals below:
Ev'n Fancy should melt in a Rapture of Charms,
While I curl'd round her Wast, and dissolv'd in her
Arms:
Her Eyes well apply'd, can in Age raise Desire,
And in Nature's Despite kindle Ice into Fire,

To For

14 POEMS on several Occasions.

For Beauty with Looks can encourage or tame,
Can strike Heat out of Ice, or make Ice of a Flame.

EPITAPH *for two beautiful Children that
were buried both at the same time.*

S Natch'd hence in early Bloom, forbear to mourn,
Nor bathe with Sorrows this untimely Urn,
Tho' he the sweetest Youth that e'er could move,
The fond Indulgence of parental Love;
And tho' the Virgin's Breast was spotless found,
As Flakes of fleecy Snow that white the Ground,
Yet wafted to the Stars and fix'd on high,
They find a bright Reversion in the Sky:
With Angels mixing, more refin'd they grow,
And scorn that Dust, which once they wore below.

*The Lamentation of JUTURNA, translated
from the 12th Æneid of Virgil.*

S OON as Juturna knew th' ill-boding Sounds,
She beats her Bosom, and her Cheeks she wounds,
Tears the loose Tresses of her waving Hair,
And looks the pallid Image of Despair.

Ah

Ah *Turnus*! she began, ah wretched Me!
What can thy Sister for her self or thee?
Alas! What Aid can now prolong thy Date?
Or what redeem thee from relentless Fate?
Cease baleful Omen, I forsake the Fight,
Scar'd by your Screams, and sickning at the Light:
The deadly beating of your Wings I know,
The sure Fore-teller of impending Woe;
Such is the harsh Decree of haughty *Jove*,
And such the Recompence he pays my Love.
This vast Return he makes for injur'd Charms,
And tears a Brother from *Juturna's* Arms.
Why was I doom'd to be immortal! why
Curs'd to a Goddess, and forbid to die?
Why all my Grievs unable to forego,
And lead my *Turnus* to the Realms below?
But tho' of this debarr'd, yet wanting thee,
My lovely *Turnus*, Bliss shall Torture be.
O that the Earth a weeping Wretch would aid!
Gape wide, and take me to its secret Shade.

She

She said—and binding on her Sea-Green Hood,
Div'd to the darksome Center of the Flood.

The CONQUEST.

I.

WHEN charming *Sylvia* first I saw,
The Nymph was nicely coy,
Her rigid Virtue forc'd an Awe,
And Awe procur'd me Joy.

II.

Delighted with her lovely Look,
My Heart receiv'd the Snare,
A Warmth I from her Coldness took,
And long'd to clasp the Fair.

III.

With soft Persuasions I pursu'd,
With Words I made her yield,
The Victor was at length subdu'd,
Nor could maintain the Field.

IV. All

IV.

All melted in the burning Blifs;
We both diffolving lay,
Exchang'd our Souls in ev'ry Kifs,
And fpent in Love the Day.

V.

Thus *Sylvia* did indulge my Mind,
And fill'd my fond Defire,
Her frozen Coldnefs ſhe resign'd,
And what was Ice, is Fire.

*The Story of NARCISSUS, translated from
the Third Book of Ovid's Metamorphofis.*

BENEATH the Covert of a ſhady Grove,
The ſilent Manſions of Repoſe and Love,
Where no intruding Sun could dart a Ray,
Nor e'er diffuſe th' Impertinence of Day,
A fair, transparent Lake of Chryſtal ſtood,
And murmur'd ſoftly to the winding Wood.

D

The

18 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Spring so clear did look, so gently flow;
 The Silver Surface shew'd the Sands below;
 Nor Herds nor Herdsmen in this Cool retreat,
 E'er slack'd their Thirst, or shunn'd the burning Heat;
 Nor Birds, nor falling Boughs with rude Embrace,
 Had touch'd the Mirrour, and defil'd the Place,
 But all around, a living Turf was seen,
 A Margin always pure, and always green:

The Youth with Hunting tir'd, with Heat oppress'd,
 On this cool Couch reclines his panting Breast,
 Charm'd with the verdant Scene he prostrate lies,
 But while one Flame abates, new Flames arise,
 And enter deeply at his sparkling Eyes. }
 He sees himself in liquid Glasse display'd,
 And fondly covets the fantastick Shade,
 A Name, a Nothing does his Fancy move,
 And stamps his Bosom with the Seal of Love;
 With Ecstasy he views himself, and stands,
 Fix'd like some Statue carv'd by Master-Hands,
 His fairly blushing Face, his silken Hair,
 Loose to the Winds, and such as Gods might wear;

His

His Eyes like Stars, his Neck like Iv'ry white,
 His polish'd Fingers, Lips, and all invite,
 And all attract his Soul, and all command his Sight.
 The Magazine of Charms foment's his Fires,
 All o'er his Form he views, and all he views admires.
 Himself he courts, whom others court in vain,
 And killing others, by himself is slain:
 Ah! why did Fortune this Mistake allow,
 Himself adores himself, but knows not how.
 How often did he strive with circling Arms,
 To catch the Vision, and to clasp its Charms,
 And when his folded Hands in Streams he dipt,
 How often from the Fold the Charmer slip?
 He still adores, his Blindness feeds the Flame,
 But what he still adores he cannot name.
 Mistaken Youth! by erring Love betray'd,
 You seek no Substance, but a fleeting Shade.
 'Tis here, and there, and gone, a transient View,
 An empty Phantom, which depends on you:
 With you it came and stays, and when you fly,
 Your charming Idol must attend or die.

Nor Hunger, nor the want of Sleep could bring
 The Self Adorer from the fatal Spring ;
 But o'er the lovely Form transfix'd he lies,
 And drinks with ardent Thirst the Poison of his Eyes:
 At length he faintly rais'd his bending Head,
 And with his Arms extended, thus he said.
 Ye Groves, the Lovers Friends, whose secret Shade,
 Has often witness'd to the Vows they made,
 O tell me, tell me, did you e'er incline
 To any Passion so perplex'd as mine ?
 I see the pleasing Sight, Desire does move,
 Alas ! I see, but cannot find my Love.
 So much deceiv'd are those that wildly stray,
 And follow *Cupid* in his wanton Way ;
 To mortify my Hopes, no briny Flood,
 Nor Walls, nor Rocks, divide me from my Good ;
 A narrow Fountain does my Bliss destroy,
 And stops my Passage to the beauteous Boy ;
 Himself, the beauteous Boy, would leave the Place,
 And fondly fold me with a fast Embrace ;

For

For when I forward lean his Lips to kifs,
He forward leans, and would return the Blifs;
So close sometimes we meet, we seem to touch,
The smallest Distance is in Love so much.

Come forth my charming Youth! whoe'er you be,
Forfake that Fountain, and come forth to me.
Ah! whither dost thou fly? why thus unkind?
Thy Form inviting, but so cold thy Mind.
I am not odious sure, my blooming Face,
The Nymphs have seen, and begg'd a kind Embrace,
Nor can I now despair, to sooth my Smart,
You speak in Actions, and reveal your Heart;
For when to fold you fast my Arms I bend,
You, your white Arms with equal Haste extend;
With me you correspond in all I do,
Smile when I smile, and when I weep anew,
Gems from your Eyes distil in Drops of Dew:
You move your Lips with mine, and oft appear,
To tell me something which I cannot hear.

Ah! now I find the Cheat, too late I see,
The charming Murd'rer of my self is me;
Alas!

32 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

Alas! 'tis I my self for whom I sue,
 I die with Love, and am the Object too.
 Still shall I court? but what shall I adore?
 'All that I want I have, yet mad for more,
 Rich in my self, I to my self am poor.
 O that indulgent Fate would ease my Mind,
 And grant, that from my self, my self may be dis-
 joyn'd;
 To Lovers, Absence cannot grateful be,
 But O, that Absence is implor'd by me:
 For now with Grief I faint, my Beauties fade,
 My Bloom is wither'd, and my Strength decay'd.
 Cropt in the Spring of Youth I soon shall go,
 And raise the Number of the Ghosts below:
 Nor is Death dreadful, for the Dead are blest,
 Soft is their Pillow, sweet their downy Rest.
 I beg, and beg no more, that friendly Fate,
 Would grant my lovely Love a longer Date,
 Now weak with Passion, and by Fortune crost,
 Two charming Objects must in one be lost.

He

He said, and to the flatt'ring Face return'd,
For which he sought in vain, in vain he burn'd;
But as he wept, the watry Pearls that fell,
Effac'd the Image, and obscur'd the Well.
Distracted at the Sight, ah! where, he cries,
Where, my dear Boy, thou Darling of my Eyes?
Ah! whither, dost thou fly so fast away?
Ah! stay and hear me, I conjure thee, stay
A little longer, let me view your Face,
And gaze upon the Charms I can't embrace;
A little longer melt with fond Desire,
And add fresh Fewel to the fatal Fire.

Thus he complains, and furious with Despair,
His Silken Robes his Iv'ry Fingers tear,
And beat his snowy Breast, and rend his golden
Hair;

His snowy Breast contracts a Purple Dye,
Glows at each Stroke, and reddens to the Eye:
The Apple, next the Sun, such Tincture shows,
And bears at once the Lily and the Rose;

So

24 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

So blushing Grapes in various Clusters shine,
Not yet mature, and mellow'd into Wine.

When the fair Chrystal did its Form renew,
'And this disorder'd Scene present to View,
Like Wax before the Flame he drops away;
Or Dews that vanish in the Blaze of Day;
The very Soul of Love with raging Pains,
Melts all within, and runs along his Veins:
His Colours fade, his Features lose their Store,
With sparkling Splendor shine his Eyes no more:
In Ashy Paleness is his Bloom retir'd,
And lost that Form, which *Echo* late admir'd.

She, tho' incens'd and mindful of his Hate,
Gives back his Sorrows, and laments his Fate;
Whene'er he says alas! the Nymph replies,
And with a soft Concern, Alas! she cries:
As often as his Breast his Fingers wound,
The plaintive Nymph returns the mournful Sound;
As o'er the Fountain he lay stretch'd along,
These were the last faint Accents of his Tongue;

Ah

Ah Boy belov'd in vain! all o'er the Plain,

Echo resounds, Ah Boy belov'd in vain!

Farewel from both was heard, then down he lies,

And shuts in Shades of Night his self admiring Eyes;

To *Stryx*'s Banks remov'd, he still complains,

And in despite of Death, his Love remains.

His early Fate the Sister Nymphs deplore,

And pay their Brother dead, their briny Store;

The Bier, the Torches, and the Pile prepare,

And scatter as they go their Virgin Hair;

With them lamenting *Echo* loudly mourns,

Observes their Grief, and Groan for Groan returns:

But when the Corps they sought, no Corps they
found,

A yellow Flow'r, with snowy Borders crown'd,

Supply'd the Body's Place, and mark'd the fatal
Ground.

E

To

To Mrs. -----

I.

TO Thee, the brightest of thy Race,
 Thy Swain submissive fends,
 Thy Virtue beautifies thy Face,
 And ev'ry Charm commends.

II.

That Wit, that Elegance of Air,
 Those all things that can move,
 Have drawn my Soul into the Snare,
 And O! I die with Love.

III.

With Pity, Nymph, my Sighs regard,
 Nor let me vainly burn,
 My Flame, with equal Flame reward,
 And Love for Love return.

IV. Thus

IV.

Thus both shall find in *Cupid's* Field,
 What Blessings must ensue,
 Where both at once with Transport yield,
 And both at once subdue.

O D E.

I.

THE fairest Flow'r of all the Train,
 That paints with various Pride the Plain,
 That decks the Garden and the Field,
 Must to the Lily's Whiteness yield,
 The Lily's self must disappear,
 Compar'd in Whiteness to my Dear.

II.

The Blushes of th' unfolding Rose,
 Rich Odours to the Smell disclose,
 Thus From ev'ry Pore they breathe Perfume,
 And while they give, themselves consume;

28 POEMS on several Occasions.

The blushing Rose must disappear,
Compar'd in Sweetness to my Dear.

III.

The Turtle Dove is pure within,
Unspotted all, and free from Sin,
But, what's uncommon, would you find,
A purer Innocence enshrin'd,
Let *Emma*, charming Saint, appear,
And you'll adore the Wonder there.

IV.

See yonder Lark on soaring Wings,
That slowly mounts, and sweetly sings,
The ravish'd Swains attentive throng,
And catch the Musick from her Tongue;
But matchless *Emma's* tuneful Voice,
Can make the list'ning Lark rejoyce.

V.

Could Poets all their Wit resign
To me, and make their Glory mine,

Or

Or, would the *Sultan* to my Arms,
Yield his Seraglio of Charms,
In vain the Tempters should apply,
In vain should hope my Dear to buy.

VI.

I never shall at Fate repine,
If gentle *Emma* will be mine,
Nor envy Kings, or Gods above,
If gentle *Emma* crowns my Love;
While I, unrival'd, grasp that Store,
I reign, and Monarchs do no more.

An EPISTLE to Mr. ABEL.

—*Quando ego Te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc Veterum libris, vinoque, & inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicita jucunda Oblivia Vita?*

I Hate the Vulgar with no Raptures fir'd,
So dull, they scarcely seem with Souls inspir'd;
Uncultivated Things, that only know,
To till their kindred Glebe, to plant, and sow,
To

36 POEMS on several Occasions.

To harness out their Teams as Seasons call,
To tend the Cattle, and to cleanse the Stall;
But to politer Arts, which Virtue breed,
As blind, as very Brutes as those they feed.

From these, 'tis my first Wish, I may be free,
My next, that bounteous Heav'n would give me thee,
For sure one Planet at our Birth did strike,
And Nature fashion'd both our Souls alike;
Did both our Bodies from one Mould convey,
'And with Poetic Atoms mixt the Clay.

Hence peaceful Mansions which no Care invades,
The Rites of *Bacchus* and sequester'd Shades,
Are dear alike to both, tho' you alone,
The sweet Possession of those Joys can own;
On you, their richest Drops, the *Muses* shed,
And with Abundance crown your fav'rite Head:
Th' Impertinence of Thought your Glass beguiles,
And in the gen'rous Juice *Susannah* smiles:
Of tempting Charms, to both belong a Store,
And both united, seem to shine the more:

No

No Blessing can you want, which Poets boast,
Where Punch the Liquor is, and She the Toast.

But I to Nymphs and Laughter rarely known,
Whom Indigence has nam'd, and seal'd her own,
For Fortune's sordid Scraps condemn'd to wait,
Among a starving Tribe bemoan my Fate;
At Coxcombs void of Brains, as Bounty, rail,
And prostitute my Rhymes for Beer and Ale.

While thy bright Present did my Purse adorn,
And gild that Chaos with a shining Morn,
Then *Bacchus* daily did his Smiles afford,
And Mirth flew lightly round the jovial Board;
Betimes, I drinking, did thy Worth declare,
As late in Wine return'd a grateful Pray'r;
Two liquid Off'rings did each Day decree,
The last to *Bacchus*, and the first to Thee.

But ah! too furious was the Flame to last,
My Store's exhausted, and my Rapture past,
No Bumpers after Meals are kindly shed,
To fortify my Cheeks with manly red:

No

No sacred Cross is found my Fob to chear,
And keep the curst Arch-Fiend from entring there;
But Emptiness and Thirst their Room supply,
While in my Face the jolly Roses die.
Instead of Ev'ning Songs which charm'd my Ear,
The musty Morals of the Wife I hear,
For boon Companions, and a lovely She,
I'm plagu'd with Antidotes for Poetry;
With tragick Looks, they cry, repent in time,
And O! beware the passing Sound of Rhyme.
Yet thus discourag'd, thus deprest with Woe,
My Thoughts are boundless, and my Numbers flow;
I need no Cordials to infuse a Fire,
To wake my Genius, and to tune my Lyre,
But Inspiration in thy Name shall be,
And I with Rapture write, because I write to thee
Let Grey-beard Fools their Years with Envy waste,
And damn those Pleasures they no more can taste,
Still rail at Youth, and labour still to prove,
The Muse a Beggar, and a Syren Love:
To

To shew that both on equal Danger strike,
Alike the Folly, and the Fate alike :
The Muse, Experience tells, our Cares can steep,
Can lull the Tempests of the Soul asleep ;
And Beauty, when by Jove the Gift was giv'n,
Was meant a Blessing, not a Curse from Heav'n.
I grant, the Poet's Robe is often torn,
But honourable Rags his Limbs adorn ;
Nor ought we to despise him, since we see,
His angry Stars are more in Fault than he ;
And they, which at his Art their Slanders fling,
Deride their Maker, Heaven's Almighty King :
He, Lord of Numbers, from the Womb of Night,
Brought this fair POEM of the World, to light ;
At his composing Voice, the tuneful Frame,
The smiling Order from Confusion came.

But tho' the Graces which in Verse arise,
Are spun too nicely fine for vulgar Eyes,
Yet Nature has on Brutes and Ideots shed
An ardent Passion, for the Nuptial Bed ;

F

Say,

34 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

Say, where's the Folly, finish'd Joys to prove,
 And sweetly revel in unbounded Love?
 What Danger can we find in *Celia's* Arms,
 Or where's the Wisdom to resist her Charms?
 When in the Silence of the sacred Night,
 The Nymph undresses for the wanton Fight,
 When all her pretty Limbs, reveal'd appear,
 And she transported, flies to clasp her Dear:
 Then *Cynic*, if you can, confine your Will,
 And bid the Tumults of your Blood be still,
 Then bid your Reason not to leave its Seat,
 Your Veins to tingle, and your Heart to beat.
 When round her yielding Form your Arms you cast,
 And she with snowy Circles folds you fast,
 Enclos'd and mingled with the melting Fair,
 Compose your Transports, and avoid the Snare:
 When wild and frantick for the burning Joy,
 Her various Charms their various Arts employ:
 When close Contentions double Strength inspire,
 And ardent Breathings blow the kindled Fire,

Then

Then in the Pauses of the rapt'rous Strife,
If there be room to pause, or room for Life;
Then practise what you preach with formal Air,
Then boast your Wisdom, and condemn the Fair.

Forgive, dear ABEL, what I loosely send,
And while you shew the Critick, shew the Friend;
With native Candor this Excursion view,
And as you censure, praise, ---if Praise be due;
Forgive the Crime, if I forgetful be,
And write at Random, when I write to thee.

But Love Digressions best themselves excuse,
Thy darling Topick, and my darling Muse;
Nor have I made Digressions; for, to sing,
What Raptures in their Arms the Ladies bring,
Of Beauties and of Bards the Joys to trace,
The Poet's Numbers, and the Nymph's Embrace,
What is it else, but largely to display
Thy Breast, and to thy Soul reveal the Way?
Of thy superior Thoughts I shew the Spring,
And if we sing thy Thoughts, 'tis thee with sing.

36 POEMS on several Occasions.

Let others covet with unweary'd Strife,
The Dust of Grandeur, and the Noise of Life ;
Let proud Fanaticks, with infernal Hate,
Contrive Disorders to distract the State,
And from Combustions raise their Fortunes high'r,
As Thieves are always Gainers by a Fire ;
Their mean Magnificence with Scorn I see,
And only wish for Solitude with thee.

Sir PLUME, at Ev'nings in the Ring display'd,
May shew the Coxcomb and the rich Brocade ;
As *Silvia* passes, with unthinking Air,
May rap his Snuff-Box, and adjust his Hair ;
I loath the flutt'ring Fop, that owns no Brains,
But what the Sword-Knot, or the Patch contains ;
True Merit unadorn'd, my Breast does rule,
And Wit in Rags, before the 'embroider'd Fool.

Could all Men, with a Wish, their Fortune make,
Would Heav'n vouchsafe the Pow'r to chuse and take,
A well-built Country House, not large, but neat,
Two Rooms a Floor, a clean convenient Seat,

Which

Which should from rising Ground at Distance show
The verdant Valleys, and the Lawns below ;
A Kitchen, where my Dinner might be drest,
A little Parlour to receive a Guest ;
A Garden, purling Stream, and shady Grove,
Th' extremest Limits of my Will should prove.
A few fair Borders intermixt with Bow'rs,
Adorn'd with Ever-Greens and fragrant Flow'r's,
My Garden should compose, along whose Side,
The Brook with Silver Streams should gently glide ;
My Grove of spreading Oaks and Filberts made,
And parted by an even, op'ning Glade,
Should at the further End present a Seat
Of living Turf compos'd, and fenc'd from Heat,
Where I in Summer would with Friends regale,
And sometimes Books consult, and sometimes Ale.
Around my Walls, the Peach, a downy Fruit,
With blushing Nectarines its Arms should shoot ;
Nor would I want a grateful Wreath to twine,
The Poet's Laurel, and the Drinker's Vine ;
Whose Leaves, my Window should in Green array,
And gently waving, fan the Rage of Day. This

This humble Form my Seat without should wear,
 Nor should its inward Parts less Beauty share;
 No purple Hangings wrought on finest Looms,
 Nor fretted Roofs t' effeminate the Rooms,
 But plain neat Cielings should be strongly laid,
 And modest Wainscoats cast a decent Shade.

A Table and two Chairs, at most but three,
 My Parlour's little Furniture should be,
 For he that has enough, has ample Store,
 And more's a Burthen, when we want no more.
 Of humming Liquor to refresh the Brain,
 My private Closet should a Spring contain,
 Which I would freely to my Friend afford,
 And with the well-cork'd Bottles load the Board;
 This Rule remember'd, that in Time we flie,
 And veil our Revels from the Morning's Eye;
 Hence restless Aches will avoid the Head,
 And Slumbers, eas'd of Groans, their Opium shed;
 From hence no racking Pain the Lungs o'erpowr's,
 No Phlegm, th' unerring Curse of Midnight Hours.

While

While Crowds of Servants with obsequious State,
 O'er swarm the Palace, and on Princes wait,
 When Dinner's serv'd, around their Master stand,
 And gape at ev'ry Bit he takes in Hand:
 A comely Country Maid with me should live,
 And all th' Attendance of my Mansion give;
 Not one, whom Kisses with their Sweets could cloy,
 Not impudently bold, nor nicely coy,
 But one, who in Embraces should confess,
 A modest, half, unwilling Willingness.

This Boon comply'd with, would the Gods allow,
 To crown my Joys at last, my Neighbour thou,
 Then melancholy Thoughts would come no more,
 And Sorrow with the Winds be launch'd from Shore;
 Then Mirth, and Humour should command my Breast,
 And Cheerfulness be there a constant Guest.
 Oft when deep Musings in my Face were seen,
 And Gravity was rip'ning into Spleen,
 Before that Evil could full Strength attain,
 Thy comick Look has leer'd her back again:

Thy

Thy merry Gesture, and facetious Smile,
 Might raise the Wretched, and his Cares beguile,
 Might make Fanaticks, if attentive, kind,
 And charm ill Nature from an envious Mind.

A Taste of *Homer* I from thee would learn,
 And all the Greatness of the Bard discern,
 Would hear his sounding Numbers roll along,
 And view, transported, the Majestick Song,
 None with more Judgment than your self can tell,
 Wherein the Language and the Thoughts excel.

I would, with thee, consult the *Mantuan* Page,
 Where Female Softness meets with manly Rage;
 Where weeping *Dido* mourns neglected Charms,
 And *Troy's* surviving *Hector* frowns in Arms.

But when the Fineness of our Souls to prove,
 With Pity we would melt, or yield to Love,
 The moving *Ovid* should direct the Way,
 And tender Things in tender Accents say;
 Nor could he fail, in whose sweet mournful Strains,
 Fair *Procris* bleeds, and *Sappho's* self complains.

O glo-

O glorious Exul ! with what Flames I see,
With what Ambition burn to write like thee !
The Fair survey thee with a fond Desire,
And their own *Cupids* in thy Lines admire ;
I languish, I confess, thy Words prevail,
And weep with Pleasure o'er the wond'rous Tale ;
Thy Verse an Envy does in me create,
And I to share thy Fame would gladly share thy Fate.

Nor thou, dear *Otway*, shall neglected stand,
Whose *Muse* had ready Nature at Command ;
Whose tragic Stories are with Ease express'd,
And, next the fav'rite *Romans*, please the best :
Thy charming *Orphan* deckt with anxious Fears,
In Sorrow lovely, and adorn'd with Tears,
The melting Image of her Woes shall keep,
While Virgins have an Eye, or Eye can weep.

To thee, O ABEL, thus at large display'd,
The Muse her Gratitude has justly paid,
In artless Numbers has assay'd to show,
How much she has receiv'd, how much does owe.

42 POEMS on several Occasions.

One Debt I have discharg'd, but more is due,
And I an Obligation wear anew;
For tho' my Numbers must submit to Fate,
Nor merit of themselves immortal Date,
Thy Name for ever in this Piece shall shine,
Shall consecrate the Word, and gild the Line.

To a young LADY, seeing her at Church.

IN vain, *Semanthe*, would I wing my Pray'r,
With Hands uplifted, and a suppliant Air,
You catch my rising Soul, at ev'ry Glance,
My Fancy wanders, and my Pulses dance;
And while I meet the Flashes of your Eyes,
My Virtue sickens, and Devotion dies.
You curb each pious Thought that stirs within,
And what was Incense meant, convert to Sin.
Strange Force of Beauty, that outrivals *Jove*,
And in his sacred Presence warms to Love.

Had such, on *Syrian* Plains, *Europa* been,
Her Form so finish'd, so divine her Mien;

With

With matchless Charms adorn'd, with Graces bright,
Majestick, soft, and tempting to the Sight;
The God, without Disguise, had own'd his Flame,
And in the Thund'rer's Shape enjoy'd the Dame;
While with an equal Ray the Nymph had shone,
And melted in her Arms his Lightning down.

Translated from the LATIN.

THree buxom Females crown'd my nuptial Bed,
My Youth, my Manhood, and my Age did wed;
The first I chose my vig'rous Nerves to prove,
For Chamber Combats, and the Feats of Love,
Where all our Spirits for the Bliss we give,
And only dying Murmurs tell we live;
The next I wedded for her shining Store,
The last, to keep me warm, and chase my Mem-
bers o'er.

*The Story of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS,
translated from the Seventh Book of Ovid's
Metamorphosis, Beginning at*

Alter agebatur post pacta jugalia Mensis.

WHere fair *Hymettus* rears its flow'ry Head,
One Morning for the Game my Nets I spread,
And now, since *Procris* bless'd my joyful Arms,
Once *Cynthia's* Orb was fill'd with borrow'd Charms,
When from the lofty Confines of the Sky,
Aurora view'd me with a watchful Eye;
The blushing Goddess felt unusual Pains,
Unusual Ardour warm'd her tingling Veins,
Descending from her Height she sought the Place,
And strove to fold me with a strict Embrace:
Tho' Roses paint her Cheeks, divinely gay,
Tho' from the Darkness she divides the Day;
Tho' streaming Nectar does her Thirst assuage,
I told her, *Procris* did my Soul engage;
I told her, *Procris* was my daily Theme,
And all the Night my *Procris* was my Dream:

I urg'

I urg'd a Bridegroom's Right, and *Hymen's* Laws,
And pleaded strongly to defend my Cause.

At length the Goddess frown'd, desist, she cry'd,
Ungrateful, have thy Wish, enjoy thy Bride,
Whom thou, too late, shall wish thou'dst ne'er en-
joy'd.

Enrag'd, away she flew, I forward went,
And ponder'd what the doubtful Goddess meant;
I fear'd, alas! that *Procris* was misled,
Hand with Pollution stain'd the Nuptial Bed;
Her blooming Beauty did my Fears incite,
But still her Virtue put those Fears to Flight;
And yet, *Aurora*, did new Doubts inspire,
Her fresh Example fann'd the furious Fire;
And yet my Absence for my Fears did call,
For absent Lovers are afraid of all.

To trace my secret Woes, I now prepare,
With Bribes I study to corrupt the Fair,
The Goddess aids me with a kind Disguise,
And changing, veils my Shape from human Eyes;

My

46 POEMS on several Occasions.

My proper Visage so transform'd was grown,
Scarce to my self, my self could now be known.

Thus, unsuspected, eager for th' Event,
I pass'd the crowded Streets and homeward went,
My Lodgings enter'd, yet within could find,
Nought but chaste Emblems of a spotless Mind;
The sad Domesticks did with Sighs accord,
And seem'd to sorrow for their ancient Lord:
Scarce thro' a thousand Wiles I gain'd my Way,
To those Apartments where my *Procris* lay,
But when the Mourner stood confess'd to view,
My Resolutions for a while withdrew;
I gaz'd with Ardor o'er her matchless Charms,
And scarce refrain'd from darting to her Arms;
Griev'd was her Aspect, yet she shone the more,
Sure never Grief so lovely look'd before;
For *Cephalus* alone she seem'd distress'd,
His dear Idea fill'd her tender Breast.
Oh guess! what Beauties then adorn'd the Fair,
Her Tears, how graceful! how divine her Air!

Ob

Oh guess! how often, while my Suit I move,
 Her modest Answers checkt dissembl'd Love:
 How often did she say, rash Man, retire,
 An absent Husband crowns my fond Desire,
 His pleasing Image has my Soul possess'd,
 For him, unspotted, I preserve my Breast.

What jealous Madman would have urg'd her still,
 Such modest Proofs had calm'd the wildest Will?
 Yet, I that Madman, to my Peace unkind,
 Afresh attempted to corrupt her Mind.
 I added Bribe to Bribe with all their Charms,
 For one Night's Raptures in her circling Arms:
 At length her Virtue paus'd, aloud I cry'd,
 Perfidious Woman, base, inconstant Bride!
 Thy wretched Husband has his Wrongs betray'd,
 My self, Adult'rer to my self am made.
 I to thy Falshoods do, alas! accord,
 Within this Stranger view your injur'd Lord.
 She nothing answers, but with Shame o'ercome,
 Forfakes her treach'rous Spouse, and hated Home,
 Flies

48 POEMS on several Occasions.

Flies to the Mountains from my faithless Race,
And with *Diana's* Train pursues the Chase.

And now with fiercer Flames her Absence burns,
The God redoubled to my Veins returns;
Her Pardon I request, my Crime display,
And own such Offers would my self betray.
Her Anger thus appeas'd, at length she came,
And with a mutual Love receiv'd my Flame,
She added Gifts besides, as tho' kind Heav'n,
Too mean a Present in her self had giv'n;
A Dog more swift than Winds she gave to me,
And this unerring Dart which here you see.

He ceas'd, when *Phocus* thus---what secret Wound,
What fatal Mischief in that Dart was found?
To this, the Guest reply'd---the Joys I knew,
On wretched *Cephalus* this Mischief drew:
Those Joys in Order, let me first relate,
Since all my Sorrows thence deriv'd their Date,
The happy Moments in my Fancy roll,
And all the dear Remembrance sooths my Soul;

When

When willing *Hymen* first our Hearts did joyn,
 When I was *Procris* Life, and *Procris* mine,
 Together we confess'd our mutual Flame,
 The same our Pleasures, and our Cares the same;
 Not *Jove* could tempt my *Procris* from my Arms,
 Nor I for *Venus* would resign her Charms.

Soon as the Morning Sun began to rise,
 And paint with blushing Red the conscious Skies,
 Forth to the distant Groves I took my Way,
 And unattended, fought the *Sylvan* Prey,
 No Dogs or Nets did their Assistance lend,
 This Dart alone, this Present was my Friend.

But when the Chase was o'er, with Heat oppress'd,
 I sought the closest Shades to cool my Breast,
 Implor'd the *Zephyrs*, their Relief to bring,
 And kindly fan me with a balmy Wing:
 Come *Aura*, come, I cry'd, this Heat restrain,
 Come gentle *Aura*, cool my burning Pain;
 The fondest Titles (such did Fate instil)
 I often added, blind to future Ill;

H

And,

50 POEMS on several Occasions.

And, O my Dear, I cry'd, my best Delight,
 With whom the lonely Desarts please my Sight,
 Thy Charms, with matchless Force can soon controul,
 And quench the raging Fever of my Soul :
 O may'st thou never cease my Lips to kiss,
 And with insatiate Thirst I'll drink the Bliss.

Some Ear the Sounds receiv'd, and vainly thought,
 That I with frequent Calls a Mistress fought ;
 The rash Informer soon to *Procris* came,
 And told the Secret, and reveal'd the Name.
 Too credulous is Love, th' Attendants say,
 That at the fatal News she dy'd away ;
 And when, with much ado, to Life restor'd,
 She call'd incessant on her faithless Lord,
 Condemns the cruel Fates, condemns my Flame,
 And for a Rival fears an empty Name ;
 And yet she strongly doubts, her Hopes prevail,
 Nor can she credit the surprizing Tale ;
 Would gladly be deceiv'd, the Truth will know,
 Nor till she finds me false, believes me so.

Again

Again the Morning had dispell'd the Night,
 And smiling, issu'd from the Gates of Light,
 When I renew'd the Chase, and toil'd with Heat,
 With Haste accustom'd, sought my close Retreat.
 Come *Aura*, come, I cry'd, this Rage retain,
 Come gentle *Aura*, cool my burning Pain;
 I said, and heard a Groan ---- again I cry'd,
 Come gentle *Aura*, come, my lovely Pride;
 And now the rustling Leaves which shook, betray'd
 A living Creature, lurk'd beneath the Shade;
 Some Beast, I thought, approach'd, my Dart I threw,
 With Force resistless to the Mark it flew,
 But lodg'd in *Procris'* Breast, her Voice I heard,
 And soon to aid her, frantick, wild, appear'd;
 Her, fainting, pale, and bath'd in Blood I found,
 The fatal Present wresting from the Wound;
 I saw, and in my Arms receiv'd the Fair,
 Much dearer to my Soul than vital Air;
 The Robe disorder'd, from my Shoulders tore,
 To bind the gaping Wound, and stench the Purple
 Gore.

53 POEMS on several Occasions.

Then kindly begg'd her (if my Words could move)
In Death to pardon, and in Death to love :
She, breathless, weak, and sinking to the Plain,
These feeble Accents spake, but spake in Pain.

By all the sacred Pow'rs on Earth, in Heav'n,
And all the mutual Vows to *Hymen* giv'n,
If e'er your *Procris* your Affection shar'd,
If e'er you thought me worth your fond Regard,
By those past Moments, by my latest Breath,
By that eternal Love which brings my Death ;
O ! banish *Aura*, grant my one Request,
Nor take my Rival to thy welcome Breast.

She said, and now the Secret of our Woe
I shew'd, but what avail'd it now to shew ;
I found the sad Mistake, but found too late,
Her Head grew dizzy with approaching Fate ;
Yet much compos'd in Death she seem'd to be,
And fixt her Eye-balls, to the last, on me ;
I catch'd her Soul, she sunk upon the Ground,
And Life, in crimson Streams, came fleeting from the
Wound.

The

The Heroe spake, the rest, attentive hear,
And softly sighing, dropt a tender Tear.

A Thought on DEATH.

I.

ALAS! 'tis all in vain, it will not be,
Not Pyramids of Gold from Fate can save,
Or bribe th' inexorable Grave,
In vain are all your Hopes of shunning Destiny.
The Wealthy, with the Poor, resigns his Breath,
They, tho' so much unequal here,
Must, one Day, both alike appear,
Alike must moulder in the Domes of Death.
No, were thy wond'rous Mind inspir'd,
With brighter Thoughts than those which *Dryden* fir'd,
When once the Sisters cut the fatal Twine,
Not all thy Learning can renew thy Line.

II.

To some Church-Yard resort,
Where the grim Tyrant keeps his Court,
Where

54 POEMS on several Occasions.

Where his immense Plantations spread,
There learn the End of Man,
Learn, that thy Life is but a Span,
Which wille'er long contract, and sink thee to the Dead.
The Dust, which that Abode contains,
Was once as much alive as you,
As much of human Nature knew:
But now, the Souls which did inform the Clay,
At length are wing'd away,
And those poor Atoms are the whole Remains.

III.

See yonder Monument on high display'd,
Of shining, polish'd Marble made,
There the pale King a kingly Coarse does keep,
That silenc'd with a Nod, the wond'ring Crowd,
Look'd mighty Things, and blustred loud,
But hark ---- an universal Silence reigns
O'er all the solitary Plains,
And he at length has talk'd himself asleep.
His Pedigree no more he now does trace,
Nor boasts the Grandeur of his ancient Race;

No

No more the Rabble to his Lordship bow;
And bare fix Foot of Earth is all his Portion now.

IV.

See there by no Inscription known,
Without, or Epitaph, or Stone,
A fam'd Philosopher reclines his Head,
And undistinguish'd, mingles with the Dead.
Up to the Stars, on Wisdom's Wings he flew,
And with his Pencil, Wonders drew.
But while he nobly did aspire,
And aim'd at Myst'ries high'r,
E'er he could paint the Wonder well,
Death gave him an Arrest, and down his Pencil fell.

V.

Close at his Feet, an Ideot lies,
Whose miserable Poverty of Sense
Did Pleasure to the Gay dispense,
But Pity to the Wife:
There free from his deriding Foes,
The Grave receives him in its Arms to rest,
No Dangers now disturb his Breast,
But all is Solitude, and soft Repose.

And

56 POEMS on several Occasions.

And yet 'tis very strange, you'll say,
That this mean Lump of Clay,
Should full as learned be,
As that great Master of profound Philosophy.

VI.

The Wretch afflicted, destitute, and poor,
That slept by Night upon the lonely Plain,
Expos'd to whistling Winds and beating Rain,
And wander'd all the Day from Door to Door,
Sleeps safe in Earth, nor does he hear,
The Proud, with scornful Taunts, insulting in his Ear:
The Proud himself grows humbler in the Grave,
Rots like *Plebeian* Clay, and mingles with the Slave.

VII.

Since nothing then can bribe a Moment's Breath,
But all alike submit to Death,
Thy Life, let strictest Wisdom steer,
And what she dictates, from thy Soul reverse;
Her happy Conduct shall secure the Way,
And smooth thy Passage to the Realms of Day;
Then

Then, when the fatal Hour at length is come,
 That calls thee to the cold, cold Tomb;
 When sadly languishing you lye,
 Your Soul upon the Wing to go,
 From this dark melancholy Vale below,
 And Friends stand weeping by;
 Thy Soul, serene and calm, assur'd of Rest,
 May bless the welcome Stroke, and hug the friendly
 Guest.

The Seventh Chapter of PROVERBS.

MY Son, the Precepts which my Lips impart,
 Imprint upon the Tablet of thy Heart,
 With Care record the Doctrine that I give,
 To err, is fatal, but observe, and live:
 Let Understanding's Charms your Passion move,
 And Heav'n-born Wisdom claim a Brother's Love;
 So shall they keep thee from the Harlot's Gate,
 Whose Words with Softness wound, and drop Deceit.

For as the passing Crowd I lately saw,
 When Night her dusky Veil began to draw,

I

Among

58 POEMS on several Occasions.

Among the Youths a giddy Youth appear'd,
 That knew not Wisdom, nor her Laws rever'd;
 I bending from my Casement, mark'd his Way,
 And in the fatal Path observ'd him stray:
 The Harlot's Door he sought, by Folly led,
 Nor saw Destruction hov'ring o'er his Head;
 When to a Woman, in a loose Array,
 Of Language smooth, and crafty to betray;
 (Perverse and loud are such, nor love their Home,
 But thro' the spacious Streets delight to roam;
 At ev'ry Corner spread their fatal Gin,
 And wait to flatter the unthinking in)
 She met the Wand'rer with a circling Arm;
 And impudently thus began to charm.
 Long with Impatience have I sought my Dear,
 And happily at length have found him here;
 To Day I pay'd my Vows, and want but thee,
 The Consummation of my Bliss to be:
 My Bed with Tap'stry deckt, with Carvings wrought,
 With finest Linnen spread, from Egypt brought;

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with spicy Sweets, that scent the Room,
Shall fill thy Senses with a rich Perfume.

Come, in Love's Raptures let us waste the Night;
'Till *Phæbus* rising sheds his conscious Light:
Come, let us feast on Loves delicious Store,
'Till ebbing Nature can supply no more:
No jealous Husband shall our Joys betray;
He, at the Dawn, good Man! was call'd away,
Where Business, far from hence, requires his Stay.

With strong Persuasions thus the Youth she led;
With Words she forc'd him to the fatal Bed;
So to the Slaughter does an Ox repair,
And Birds fly swiftly to the Fowler's Snare:
Thus Fools, to suffer for Offences go,
Nor see the Danger till they feel the Blow!

O! let my Precepts then Obedience find,
Grave on your Heart, and fix them in your Mind,
O! turn thy Foot-steps from the Harlot's Gate,
And wisely shun her, as you'd shun your Fate:

62 POEMS on several Occasions.

For many Ruines her Deceits have made,
And many fall by them, to Death betray'd;
The soft Enchantments of her Syren Tongue,
Can nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong;
Down to the Gates of Hell her Paths do tend,
And in eternal Night the Lab'rynth end.

To a GENTLEMAN that dissuaded me
from LOVE.

WITH Care I read your friendly Letter o'er,
But deaf to all Reproof, must still adore;
Too well the Passion has possess'd my Heart,
Too well is rooted for Advice to part;
Tis not a lambent Flame, with young Desires,
That brushes o'er the Veins, and then retires;
No momentary Love, or feeble Sway,
A fleeting Pow'r, and Tyrant of a Day;
But fix'd within, and blended with the whole,
It is the lasting Spring which moves my Soul.
To me, fair Emma, is a constant Guest,
The vital Stream that warms and feeds my Breast:

Look

Look on her Charms, her dazling Form behold,
 And tell, O tell me! if I can be cold?
 Were old *Diogenes* again to rise,
 And view the melting Softness in her Eyes,
 The frozen *Cynic* would no more be mute,
 But own the Conquest, and renounce the Brute;
 Disorder'd Motions would reveal his Pains,
 The burning Ardor, and the tingling Veins;
 No more with blind Indiff'rence would he see,
 But rave with Rapture, and be blind like me.
 By Fools, may others be reputed fair,
 For painted Features, and affected Air;
 While Errors, varnish'd o'er, in Secret lye,
 And falsly dazzle the deluded Eye.

Not so my *Emma*, whom indulgent Heav'n,
 Has all the Graces, all Perfections giv'n,
 And was ambitious in one Piece to shew,
 How far its Pencil had the Force to go.

In her, the sweetest Harmony we find,
 A blooming Body, with a matchless Mind;

62 POEMS on several Occasions.

As Heaven's own Image, most divinely bright,
 As Noon refulgent, mild as Morning Light;
 The sable Tresses of her filken Hair,
 Are such as *Venus* would be proud to wear;
 The Rubies of her Lips, that court the Bliss,
 Are such as Angels might be proud to kiss;
 Her gently rising Breast, her Iv'ry Skin,
 So clear, it almost shews the Soul within;
 Her well turn'd Limbs a thrilling Joy dispense,
 Her modest, speaking Looks, attract the Sense,
 And smile with unresisted Eloquence:
 So finish'd does the lovely Form appear,
 That Infidels might read the Godhead here;
 And shall I cease, her Influence to proclaim,
 My Vows to offer, and adore her Name.
 Go, bid the sparkling Gemms that shine on high,
 Forget their Lustre, and forsake their Sky,
 Go, bid the Glories of the golden Sun,
 Drop from their Orb, and 'twill as soon be done;
 No, thro' my Veins, my Passion still shall move,
 And when I cease to live, I'll cease to love.

To Mrs. — upon her Resentment for a Kiss,

'T WAS wond'rous graceful, so genteel an Air,
Which t'other Night adorn'd my scornful Fair:
When I, with harmless Freedom, snatch'd a Kiss,
How well resent'd was the transient Bliss;
While Words too feeble for a full Reply,
Came arm'd with Looks, and kill'd me from her Eye.

My rash Presumption, angry Nymph, forgive,
Your Frowns are fatal, and 'tis Death to live;
Nor for the future will I dare so much,
Your Lips are sacred, 'tis a Sin to touch,
In *Strephon* 'tis a Sin, and still must be,
Tho' Kisses please you, they displease from me.

But why this Niceness when your Charms I greet?
My Breath's untainted, and my Lips are sweet;
Nor can *Machon*, tho' your fav'rite Grace,
Give greater Transport to the fond Embrace;
Nor are his Arms in softer Curls enroll'd,
To bind thee, Virgin, in the closest Fold;

Tho'

Tho' he, and he alone, those Joys may prove,
The boundless Monarch of your captive Love.

Still bend the Fav'rite to thy panting Breast,
And let the Nectar of his Lips be prest,
Still seem like him reserv'd, when Crowds are by,
But clasp in Corners, and with Rapture die.

Yet Charmer, yet vouchsafe a serious Ear,
In pity to thy self, be less severe,
With less Indulgence on your Idol wait,
Lest Love much pamper'd should conclude in Hate;
At length should surfeit on your easy Charms,
And fly with loathing those extended Arms;
Lest your own Punishment, your self should be,
And on your self revenge your Scorn to me.

The Second Epistle of the First BOOK of
HORACE, translated.

WHILE you, great Lollus, studious for the State,
With Cares furrounded, at the Forum wait,
I, in the rural Shades, with much Delight,
Have read the Writer of the Trojan Fight,
Whom

Whom no Philosopher could e'er excel,
 Nor Rules for living could prescribe so well;
 And if from Business freed you lend an Ear,
 Of these my Praises you the Cause shall hear.

The Story, whose majestick Lines declare
 The *Grecians* harass'd, and a lingring War,
 Contains a frantick Train, by Folly tost,
 And Kings and Subjects in the Whirl-wind lost:
Antenor would the dang'rous Fair remove,
 But *Paris* cannot his Advice approve,
 Supine in Ease, and blinded by his Love.
 While *Nestor* studies with prudential Zeal,
 The stern Dissentions of the Chiefs to heal,
 The charming Captive *Agamemnon* fires,
 And Madness in the Breast of both conspires:
 So when fierce Princes rashly play with Fate,
 Resistless Ruine rends the bleeding State,
 Frauds, Lust, Sedition, uncontroul'd destroy
 Within, without, and round the Walls of *Troy*.

Next, sage *Ulysses* he displays to Sight,
 A goodly Pattern, most divinely bright,

K

Who

Who when the nine Years tedious War was o'er,
 Did various Countries, various Arts explore;
 And while returning o'er the boist'rous Main,
 Did wond'rous Dangers with his Friends sustain,
 Debas'd into a Brute, if *Circe's* Skill,
 Or Songs of *Syrens* had debauch'd his Will.

But we, insipid Things, a Mob compleat,
 And form'd for nothing but to sleep and eat,
 Effeminately nice, with fond Desire,
 The Dance, the modish Dress, and Sloth admire;
 Cut-throats will watch the tedious Nights away,
 And lose their Slumbers to secure their Prey;
 And can you Poverty of Sense endure,
 Yet hug your Pillow, and sleep on secure?
 But if no Argument will now perswade,
 Swell'd with the Dropsy, soon you'll ask for Aid.
 If now your Books you scorn, and loath to rise
 By midnight Tapers, to be timely wise,
 Or Envy, like a Fiend, will gnaw your Breast,
 Or Lust enflaming will your Ease molest:

Your

Your Eyes, if fore, you cure, nor would be blind,
 But why, ah ! why will you neglect your Mind ?
 Dare to be good, and Virtue's Charms embrace,
 He that has started well, has half the Race ;
 No more Indulgences to Vice allow,
 But mend your Manners this important Now :
 The Wretch that lingers with the thoughtless Clown,
 Waits till the rapid Stream, is sunk and gone,
 While still the Current keeps its former Course,
 And will for ever roll with wonted Force.

We covet Stores of Wealth, a teeming Wife,
 And Heirs, the Blessings of connubial Life,
 While they, that with a Mean, contented live,
 Have all th' Abundance, which the Gods can give ;
 For neither House nor Land, nor Gold can free
 From inward Anguish, or a Fever fee ;
 He must be happy, whom the Gods allot,
 To spend with Prudence, what with Care was got.
 He, whom Desires or Fears, a Wretch create,
 Finds as much Pleasure in a great Estate,

68 POEMS on several Occasions.

As one that is Blear-ey'd, in Paint and Show,
Of as the Deaf, in melting Musick know :
For if the Vessel is not sweet and sound,
Soon will th' Infusion be corrupted found ;
Those Pleasures you should nauseate and disdain,
Which always are pursu'd with smarting Pain.

Restrain your Wishes, for with Mines of Store
The starving Miser is completely poor :
Envy, with sick'ning Sorrow, pines to see
Her happy Neighbour more advanc'd than she ;
Nor have the busy Brains of Tyrants found,
A keener Torment, or a deeper Wound.

Anger, unless restrain'd, will fatal prove,
And as Revenge inspires, impetuous move,
'Tis short-liv'd Madness, and requires a Chain,
A steady Hand to guide a curbing Rein ;
For if not govern'd well, 'twill Head-strong grow,
Bound where it pleases, and the Rider throw.

The Jockey breaks in time the docile Horse,
And gently forms him for the Master's Course ;

The

The Whelp, which at the Skins did bark at home,
Soon thro' the Forest for wild Beasts does roam.

Now let your Mind with Virtue's Rules be fraught,
And greedily imbibe the golden Draught;
The Vessel, which at first is season'd well,
Will long be wholesome, and retain the Smell;
If you out-fly me, I'll not stop your Pace,
Nor linger, if you linger in the Race.

The Distress'd LOVER, a SONG.

To the Tune of—'Twas when the Seas were roaring.

I.

Beneath a Cypress lying,
Young *Damon* told his Pain,
While hollow Rocks replying,
Prolong'd the mournful Strain.

II.

The falling Rills combining,
In Murmurs sweetly flow,
And Winds in Consort joyning,
Compos'd melodious Woe.

III. O

POEMS on several Occasions.

III.

O Cupid! dear Deceiver,
Thou Cause of all my Care!
O tell me, must I leave her?
For ever lose my Fair?

IV.

Ah! say, what Habitation,
Conceals her from my Eyes?

I'd range the whole Creation,
To find the lovely Prize.

V.

In all the Works of Nature,
Her Equal none can view,
No Spices e'er were sweeter,
No Turtle Dove so true.

VI.

The Smile which Morn discloses,
Her Eyes indulgent shed,
The Blush of op'ning Roses,
Adorns her Cheeks with Red.

VII. But

VII.

But thou the Guardian cruel,
With whom was lodg'd my Store,
Hast far remov'd my Jewel,
To bless my Sight no more.

VIII.

Yet when the Fates convey me,
To *Pluto's* gloomy Shade,
When Rage and Anguish flay me,
My Ghost shall serve the Maid.

IX.

Shall, when she sleeps, befriend her,
And all her Slumbers guide,
Shall, when she wakes, attend her,
And hover near her Side.

X.

Thus all alone lamenting,
The Lover press'd the Plain,
While Winds their Murmurs venting,
With Tribute paid the Swain.

XI. When

XI.

When fraight his Ears alarming,
A Nymph was heard to say,
(No Musick sweetly charming,
Such Notes could e'er convey.)

XII.

Cease, cease, no more afflict thee,
But give thy Mind Content,
I'll to the Fair direct thee,
He bow'd, obey'd and went.

FINIS

